#### SENSIBLE SOLONS. SOUND

Pen Pictures of a Few Able Members of the Legislature.

ACROBATIC AGEE'S ABILITY

The Hamiltonian as Dead as a Yarmouth Bloater-Boodle Bamboozlers and Virulent Vultures of the Lobby.

LINCOLN, Neb., Jan. 15 .- | Correspondence of the BEE. |-Since Tittlebat Tittmouse, Warren's grand creation, after having taken possession of Gatton, was elected to parliament through the efforts of Olly Gammon, men certainly have no right to express surprise at the composition of state legislatures. Few rogues are elected by the people as representa-tive men. The dishonest politician does his work on the outside. An entirely honest man is easily hoodwinked in polities. He believes, in his rustic simplicity, that there is such a thing as candor in a politician. He acquires knowledge, however, and if he nappens to be a "member," before the session ends, he learns, alas! what all have learned before him, that ambition never stands on ceremony, and if to flatter and cajole find not the end, then to "lavish gold out of the bag and weigh silver in the balance" is a step the crafty politician weighs most lightly. The generally prevailing impression that the paltry \$3 per day salary, in the eyes of the average legislator, looms up like a fresh, full moon, while true to a certain extent, applys to but few members in the present assembly. To sit in the gatlery and look down upon the hundred and odd law-makers, to study their facial expression, watch different attitudes and hear different speeches, a spectator is not particularly struck with the idea that a great amount of talent would have been lost had certain ones failed to have been elected. Nor is there room to imagine that a legislator is such an extraordinary personage after all.

an extraordinary personage after all.

ABOUT THE MEMBERS.

Speaker Harlan is a man about forty years of age, a lawyer by profession, a gentleman by nature, a scholar by study and a pretty fair politician by reason of his other attainments. He commands the respect of the entire body, and bears the burden of his position, with its attendant holors, without exhibiting any tendant honors, without exhibiting any silly or disgusting affectation, so common and natural to many individuals in this fallen world upon whom honor, deserved or undeserved, has been thrust. By con-tinuing in his present path, Mr. Harlan will leave the chair with an enviable record and scores of newly made friends.

John C. Watson, of Otoc, is a line
scholar, a lawyer of marked and recognized ability, well up in the blinding and
winding intricacies of parliamentary

law; a gentleman who from long years of practice is well skilled in debate, who possesses ideas, is honest in his convic-tions and has the courage to maintain them. He is well and favorably known, and his constituents have in him a model representative and the state a shrewd

and stordy servant.
C. F. Eiseley, of Madison, is among the older members. He is a hardware merchant of Norfolk, and proof of his popularity is found in the fact that for four terms he has been chosen to represent his county in the legislature. He is a joily, whole-souled German, and his record of former years shows that he grasps ideas, and is always found voting and working in the interests of his constituents regardless of politicians' opinions. Mr. Eiseley feels perfectly at home, and as he was in the legislature during the Hitchcock campaign, feels that however warm the coming senatorial contest may prove, his former experience will materially aid him in retaining his

equilibrium.
T. J. Alexander, of Nemaha county who gently hovers near that scale in life when "O. B." will be appropriate after his name, unless some fair enchantress comes his way, and leads him to that altar where old bachelor knows him no more forever, is gaining his first experience as a law-maker. While he is not an enthusiast on any subject, he will, doubt, vote and work to the end of doing

The first day in the gallery, I was moved to tears and almost to action, (for I thought seriously of leaving the room), when Acrobatic Agee commenced pawing the air, bellowing like an enraged bull, his eyes dilated and emit-ting sparks of blue fire, while ting sparks of blue fire, while his position was studied—almost bodily stolen from Cervantes' happy picture of Don Quixote, when that enchanted knight met the wind-illm in single combat. Mr. Agee alone expresses surprise at the profound wisdom of his utterances. The gentleman resembles a whale, in that he spouts about every thirty minutes. All that he says only it produces a slight ripple, then all is caim again. He is as dead as a Yarmouth bloater, and of about as much consequence, politically. I might say that the bloater mentioned sells in London for

James Ewing, of Hall county, editor of the Wood River Gazette, the only news paper man in the house, while he will serve his people satisfactorily, regards the two months he will spend in more as a vacation than as a laborious From the haunts of his print shop. with its hand press, its paste cup and ubiquitous "devil," and the cords of wood and loads of pumpkins annuall hauled in on subscription, to the beauti ful surroundings of the state house corri dors and the tilts and squabbles of mem he has nothing to complain of, and judging from the way be takes hold house business he will prove a valuable

George M. McConaughy, who has the honor of representing three counties-Polk, Merrick and Nance, has introduced a bill proposing an amendment to the constitution, prohibiting the sale of kinds of "likker." It is house roll It is house roll No When the bill comes up for fina passage—when many of the members are called upon to say whether they believe in suppressing all exhiberating clixirs, it is predicted that the women who are shricking for female freedom will all join hands and storm the capitol. It is said that Mr. McC. will be covered with bewitching smiles and kind words from the women who thus leave their homes to

dabbie in the dirty pools of politics. Dr. McGrew, of Nemana county, who for several weeks has been nursing on of Job's comforters on the back neck, is another maiden member. (When women get the right to vote "Maider women get the right to vote "Maide Member" will soon be obsolete.) Mr. M. Grew is a doctor by profession, and a politician for fun. His handsome ma jority in the generally mixed and mud dled Nemaha political cauldron attests his popularity, and now that he is recov ering from his affliction, he informs in that he will introduce some valuable

THE OUTLOOK TO-DAY. The adjournment of the legislature fur-nished all the strikers, heelers and the lower strata of riff-raff a chance to use their trip and annual passes to go to the osom of their families over Sunday Many of the obfusticated and maudliimmers remained over, hopeful of gathering a few dry crumbs of sustenance not enumerated on the railroads' bill of fare. The double-tongued, pettifogging statesmen, time-serving scoundrels and pay annually as tribute to the insatiate law?"

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Judas-kissing sneaks who have been taught to cry "party" at all hours of the day or night will return this week, in order to get free drinks and replenish their almost depleted exchequer before the ballotting begins for United States senator. The corpulent, swinish and irreclaimable scum of the earth, culisted under the railroad banner, whose stomachs would put an ostrich to shame, will be seen around Now Ibelieve these are facts which can free lunch counters same as if no adjournment had occurred, While they have passes, on which they could go and come, the fact that their meals are served at only one end of the line will make their presence certain when their diabolical work of corrupting doubtful legislators is needed. Late arrivals vell "party" between drinks with as much cheerfulness as if they had been in the work for a long number of years. They seem to be the dregs from all political cauldrons, braced up, dressed up and whiskeyed up for this particular onslaught. They have neither occupation nor habitation. Yet their organization is perfect. The symbols and signs, the winks and grips, pass-words and ceremo-nies of this great order of "Modern Bamboozlers and Virulent Vuitures,"

AL. FARBROTHER.

they will all be on the ground.

are taught and remembered, and none

save the initiated can enter their dark

rooms of council. I am told that Monday

The Insatiate Greed of Railroads. FRIEND, Neb., Jan. 13.-To the Editor of the BEE: Seeing an article in the BEE a few days past, entitled, "Railroad Monopolies in Nebraska," I was foreibly struck with the truthfulness of its sentiment and wish to hereby sanction and endorse its sentiments, as well as to add a few thoughts for the consideration of brother farmers and all others in trouble. It seems to me in the face of facts as they surround us at present, that the time is well advanced for us to move in some effort whereby we may entrench or defend ourselves against the devouring greed of these high-handed and soutless corporations. We must acknowledge railroads are as essential to commercial life and prosperity as the land itself in this day and age of prosperity. But "vice versa." The prosperity of the country is about as essential to the prosperity of the railroads. But it seems in the present acts of railroads here in Nebraska this last fact is about left out of consideration. But I must hasten on to a few facts in demonstration of the above. We of the west here know that we are terribly depressed in business as well as business values, on account of exorbitant charges made by railroads for transportation amounting to extreme extor-tion. I believe the land here in our section is depressed in value to the extent of many dollars per acre, on account of this practice of the railroads. For instance here in Friend we are charged about eight cents per bushel more for shipping markets than good authority says we should be. That such an exten tion is over and above a just and largely remunerative shipping price. Now why should this be? If prices were very good we should not notice this so much but could and would probably better submit without complaint. But in face present times and markets 'tis putting nome prices below actual cost and drawing largely on the life blood of agricul ture as well as other business interests of our country. For instance, an extortion of 8 cents per bushel on an acre making 40 bushels would be a tax of \$3.20; on an aere making 50 bushels it would be \$4, and 60 bushels to the aere would be

taxed near \$5 to the acre and this, as pure extortion, would be a public robbery. This railroad is supposed to control or

influence to the extent of ten miles on

each side of said road, and hence for each

mite of road we have 20 sections or 12,890 acres of land depending. Now we

can see that we are taxed by extortion to

the extent of \$1.50 to \$2.00 per acre, and at that rate, taking \$1.50 as a basis, we

not be gainsaid and which we should consider seriously. The BEE is our un-biased friend and will allow us a fair expression of our ideas and views. present legislature could, and possibly may, help us to remedy this evil though we can hardly expect it. ignore us, or our dire needs, let us look hopefully to the future and work for those that will stand for our interests. 'United we stand," and can be a mighty and controlling power, and if we canno unite our dollars and means as yet, cannot we unite our votes? What shall we E. H. AGEE.

> Misused Words. From Tweed's New Grammar,

Accoustics is always singular. Cut bias, and not cut on the bias. Allow should not be used for admit Come to see me, and not come and see

Bursted is not elegant and is rarely cor Almost, with a negative, is ridiculous.

'Almost nothing' is absurd. The burden of a song means the refrain r chorus, not its sense or meaning. Bountiful applies to persons, not to things, and has no reference to quantity Affable only applies when speaking of

manner of superiors to inferiors. Methinks is formed by the impersonal verb think, meaning seem, and the dative me; and is literally rendered. It seems to Admire should not be followed with

the infinitive. Never say, as many do, "I should admire to go with you," etc. This error is singularly fashionable just Allude is now frequently misused when a thing is named, spoken of or described

hinted at in a playful or passing manner, "Allusion is the by-play of language." A Story That a Minister Tells. Chicago Herald: Agent Barrett, the remarkably successful express executive who is at the head of the American company's Chicago office, tells a very funny story about Judge Gray, of the supreme bench of Iowa. "I don't know Judge Gray myself," says Mr. Barrett, with eyes twinkling," but I hear he is a very estimable gentleman, though one likely to get excited and say harsh things when matters in which he happens to be greatly interested go wrong. As by a well known Methodist minister of Iowa, and so I have every reason to be lieve it. Some years ago Judge Gray was called to Colorado by the death there of a relative who had in vain sought better health in the mountains. On the way back with the body a transhipment was necessary at Council Bluffs. Judge Gray purchased tickets for lowa City, and attended to the cheeking of the coffin box in regular form. he retired to his berth in the sleeper for a night's rest. At 4:30 the next morning porter roused him to dress, as lown City was but a few miles away. The judge had not slept well, and the early sing did not help to put him in a good humor. He was feeling anything but cheerful when he stepped upon the platform at Iowa City, and, walking to the baggage office, found that the body of his relative was not there "No body came this morning," " said

Judge Gray was forious. He was too full for utterance, and without uttering one word he walked to the telep office, seized a pen, dashed off a dis to the baggage agent at Council Biuffs and thrust it through the little window at the astonished operator. This was the

message: "Where in hell is my mother in

General Brisbin's Graphic Letter on the Silent Soldier's Relatives.

SISTERS, COUSINS AND AUNTS.

Uncle Sammy's Wishes-Marriages and Deaths-Pretty Pictures of Home Life-The General's Private Character.

FORT ROBINSON, Neb., Jan. 14.-[Correspondence of the BEE.]-When I was stationed in Kentucky in 1868, Grant was nominated for his first term as president I had served on the executive committee of the soldiers' union and labored most faithfully to bring about Grant's nomination and so felt greatly pleased with the result. I was ready to do almost anything to further his chances of election, and when a reputable book publisher of Cincinnati suggested a campaign life of Grant, might help him. I was only too glad to undertake it. The money offered for the manuscript was not so much a consideration as the hope I might serve Grant and further his election. I repaired at once to Covington, Ky., and laid my scheme before Grant's father and mother, who then lived in Covington. Jesse Grant was enthusiastic about it, but the old mother did not say much. It took two or three interviews, aided by all old Jesse's persuasion to arouse her. Finally she came around all right and we undertook the work The old lady was one of the most cautious and reserved women I ever knew, and it was from her Grant inherited the principal peculiarity of his nature taciturnity. I could not get her to talk freely It should only be used when anything is about her boy, and she always acted as if it was nobody's business what Ulysses had done in his early youth. The old father, Jesse on the other hand, was most communicative, but I soon discovered he was not so reliable or nearly so accurate as Mother Grant, Every statement she made was with the utmost precision and exactness, while Jesse rattled away filling up the blanks and making a good story out of almost every thing relating to the great geneals whether Mother Grant endorsed him or not. Mother Grant cautioned not to writer out too much in detail what Pappy said as he imagined somethings and I retail ated on the old lady by complaining to Father Jesse that the old lady would not communicate freely all she knew about Ulysses and was likely by her reticence to injure our cause and my effort to make a good book to help Ulysses' election to the presidency. It is probable there was a lively interview be-tween Father and Mother Grant that night, for the next time I saw her she was more communicative than ever be fore. I have often wondered why my book did not sell, but it did not and completely disappointed both myself and the publishers. It is a fact, however, that the book contains Grant's father's and mother's version of his life and as such, ought to have some value. Turning over the pages of this dead and forgotten book, I find in it many carlous things never before or since published and not represent the page.

> It is not the province of this article to deal with any of these matters, but mereto refer to them in a general way. There are some things that were not put in my Life of Grant and I have never in print about him. One does not write of the living as they do of the dead. For example, I do not believe that it is generally known Grant had and still has I the land read the papers closer than his

generally known. Some of these I mean

to write out again and present to the public some day in the faint hope that now, that the general is dead, they may be added to his life.

THE GRANT-SIMPSON FAMILY an old Uncle Sammy Simpson living in Ohio. This man was a very old man when General Grant was first elected president. If still living (and he was a year ago) he must now be over ninety and one of the oldest men in Cleremont county, Ohio. He was born in Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, in 1796, Since 1818, when his father, John Simpson, moved to Cleremont county and bought the Page farm, near the old town of Bethel, he has lived in Ohio. last saw it the brick house was still stand ing on the old farm where Unele Sammy Simpson saw Jesse R. Grant married to his sister, Hannah Simpson, June 24. 1821, the Rev. Moses Edwards, a Baptist clergymen, performing the ceremony Uncle Sammy Simpson was the only surviying member last year of that once happy wedding party. He could still about his farm, though somewhat lame from rheumatism. He often visited the little town of Bantum, and was fond of talking about his wonderful and dis tinguished nephew, General Grant. When Jesse Grant married Hannah Sin pson he was a tall, fine-looking young fellow, but as poor as Job's turkey. seems always to have been a favorite with the Simpson family, who, although

not rich, were well-to-do people. There is a good deal of business ability in the Simpson family, a qualification that seems to be almost wholly lacking in the Grants. Brother-in-law Jesse, or "Jess," as he was called, was at once taken into Simpson family and given not only Hannah, bat a partnership in Uncle Sammy's tannery at Bethel, For this good for-tune he had to thank Hannah, for Hannah was a great favorite not only with the whole family, but especially the thrifty Uncle Sammy. Some of Grant's biographers mention the fact that he had an elder brother. Grant himself in his memoirs makes no mention of it, though he does not state he was the eldest child of the family. With his usual care he merely says: "I was born on the 27th of April, 1822, at Point Pleasant, Cleremont county, Ohio." Even Uncle Sammy Simpson says there was another brother Even Uncle Sammy who died in infancy and lies buried in the old cemetery at Bethel, near the monument of Thomas Morris, once a senator from Ohio. If this be so, and he was older than the general, then there is some mistake about the date of the marlage. I think it was this way: Hiram Hysses was born April 27, 1822, and Samuel Simpson Grant about a year afterwards. Samuel Simpson Grant did die young, and this is the child referred to as Grant's elder brother. He was not older, but a full year younger than the great soldier. Uncle Sammy Simpson wanted Hannah Grant to call her first boy after him and was mightily disappointed when they named him Hiram Ulysses. next child, who died as referred to above was named after the proud uncle, Samuel Simpson Grant. Soon after the death of his younger brother Hyrum (or Hiram Ulysses Grant as the books most often call him) came to be known as Ulysses Simpson Grant and ultimately at West Point as simply U. S. Grant. Grant I think had five brothers and sisters. One brother Orville Grant lived in Chicago and came to be well known. One brother and one sister both single, died of consumption during the war. Another brother lived in Gaena and the younger sister, when I knew them, was with her parents at Coving ton, Ky. It was she I believe, who after-

brought to mind recently by reading a a brief account in the Chicago Herald of Uncle Sammy Sampson. The correspondent wrote most charmingly of the venerable Uncle Sammy, and although he blundered in some things about Grant his picture of Uncle Simpson was almost perfect. He found the old man living with his daughter, Mrs. W. E. Burroughs, with his daughter, Mrs. W. E. Durroughs, a few miles south of Batayia, Ohio. eame to the parlor, says Says culty, using a cane and crutch He dresses plainly, this hair is white, but for his age abundant, his eyes dim, yet he can read with his "glasses." And

wards married A. R. Corbin, of New

These facts about the Grants were

York.

old uncle here in the quiet country home. 'Yes, I am pretty old,' said the old man with pride. 'Few live to be as old as I am.' When the Herald correspondent referred to the dead general, he said: 'Oh, how I wanted to see him before he died. Two years ago when sister Hannah, his mother, died, I couldn't go to the funeral at Cincinnati, but Ulysses came out here to see me. He was looking heavy and fat then and I thought he would live to be at my funeral. He was glad like then to come back here, and we talked for several hours. He gave me a picture of himself, but I don't suppose

he looked much like that when he died. Then the old man went to his room. and came back with the precious picture, a cabinet photograph on which the general had written his autograph. And as the conversation turned on pictures and relies of the great dead relative, other members of the family brought out pictures made during the war, showing the general in the field among his captains and generals. There were also pictures of Orville Grant, made before the war, when he was a big, full-bearded farmer.

A picture of Simpson, the brother referred to before, represents him a young man of refined, soft features. He was a consumptive, and died in a wagon while making an overland trip for his health in Minnesota. Caroline Grant, a maiden sister, who died during the war, is remembered by an old photograph as a thin, not unpleasant-looking woman, of whom much admiration had been expressed

She died just as her brother was about to take charge of the Army of the Potomac -a command which had ruined so many generals. Uncle Sammy speaks very tenderly of her last sickness.

This is very pretty about Grant, and these touches of his home life will in future years do more to endear him to the hearts of the American people than all his military glory and great battles of the war. JAMES S. BRISBIN.

## Fashionable Pronunciation.

Philadelphia Press: "Do you teach the English pronunciation?" "Yes."

"Fashionable English?" "No; not fashionable English; good

"Ah, that won't do. I guess I know good English good enough. But Pa and I are going to England next spring, and l want to learn some London English. Good day," and the speaker-it was a woman, trimly dressed-walked nimbly down the marble steps of a modest dwell ing in the upper part of the city and

She had just been making inquiry concerning the scope and terms of a new establishment of learning, an institution where "ladies of neglected education" can receive instruction and where par ticular attention is paid to the modulation and inflection of the voice.

"I think I am supplying a want that has long been felt," said the head of the establishment, a woman with a historic name, to the reporter. "You know there are many ladies who have not had an opportunity to acquire liberal culture in their youth, who gladly embrace the chance that I afford him. I have about eighteen pupils now. Most of them are young ladies who are employed during the day and who, being ambitious, wish to excel. Some are ladies well-to do now, though, perhaps, not so well off in their They are making up for opporunities that were wanting in their earlier life and are fitting themselves for their

gher social position." Do you also write letters for those un-Yes. That is a very old idea in some

European countries, and I find it very useful here also. Most of my patrons of that kind are servants, but some of them are women who have means enough to live elegantly, but who are poor with the pen or have no faith in their abilities to spell correctly. Altogether, besides carning an honest living for myself, I feel that I am doing good pinianthropic work.

### Daughter of Plon-Plon. Origin of the Bildegroom's Wealth-

Who would have imagined, writes the

Paris correspondent of the New York World, that quiet, serious, sad Roland

Bonaparte thought of taking unto him-

ROLAND BONAPARTE'S BRIDE

The Milliner's Son to be Wedded to the

He is a Part Owner of the Monaco Gambling Tables-The Poverty of His Early Years

self a wife? And who would have dreamed that plotting, ambitious Prince Jerome would have given his daughter to the son of his despised cousin Pierre, and worse than all, to the son of the miliner, Clemence Ruffin. But, astonishing is the proposed marriage between Prince Roland and his cousin Letitia may seem, every French paper says the wedding will soon take place at Montecalieri, in the presence of relatives and friends. Lucien Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon I, and grandfather of Roland, was excluded from the imperial inheritance because of his marriage with Mile. Alexandrine de Bleschamps. The emperor wished only royal alliances for his brothers, but, more honorable than Jerome, Lucien preferred not to divorce his legitimate wife, and was rewarded by banishment. Mme. Lucien Bonaparte. who was a woman of great intelligence, after the death of her husband, eigned "Veuve Bonaparte, Lucien, nee de Bleschamps." Her son Pierre always called himself prince, although he had not the slightest right to the title, never very friendly, with Napoleon III., the indifference of the core as became positive hatred when Pierre announced his intention of marrying Mile. Ruflin, daughter of a mechanic in the Faubourg Saint Antoine. Good and beautiful as was this young girl, winning the emperor's consent was impossible; conemperor's consent was impossible; con-sequently there was a secret religious marriage at the church of St. German l'Auxerrois, in 1851, I thiak. Only in 1867 did the civil marriage take place. How can Pierre Bonaparte's son forget the misery of his early years, when he and his sister were often obliged to beg their food from an humble friend, when the Bonapartes, Jerome included, con-sidered Pierre's branch of the family a disgrace and consented to give assistance disgrace and consented to give assistance only on condition that the children leave France. To each offer off her husband's relatives Princess Pierre replied: "My children are French." Brave and unchildren are French." Brave and unaided in her struggles, the poor mother was at least recompensed, for Durny, a minister who owed every thing to Napoleon III, said, "Any unfortunate Bonaparte deserves my assistance," and gained admission for Roland at the Lyèce Louis le Grand, afterwards at the military school of Saint Ayr. From the latter the young prince graduated with high honors. About this time Roland, who was in the habit of accompanying his sister Jeanne to and from the studio where she worked, met Marie Blane, her devoted Jeanne to and from the studio where she worked, met Marie Blane, her devoted friend. The acquaintance ripened and the dearest wish of Jeannie was realized for the heiress of Monte Carlo fame married the penniless prince. The few years remaining to Princess Roland upon earth were spent in doing good to her husband's family. To the Princess Jeanne, on the occasion of her marriage with the Marquis de Villeneuve Escapen, she gave an immense "dot," and on the Princess Pierre she settled a sum of money sufficient to prevent anxiety for the rest of cient to prevent anxiety for the rest of her life. In July, 1882, a daughter was born to the young princess, and the 1st of August, the same year, Roland Bona-parte was a widower. Since the death of his wife he has lived quietly in a beau-tiful house, Cours-la-Reine, Paris. His tastes are studious, and recently the Trocadero museum has acquired a curioua ethnographical collection brought from New Guinea by explorers sent at the expense of Prince Reland. Tall, dark, like all the Bonapartes, Roland has the bearing of a soldier, and when he discovered that with his name he could not hope for advancement in

the army I am sure not even his friends realized that the cherished ambition of his life was blighted.

Evidently Prince Jerome considers an income of \$160,000 more desirable than a royal alliance for his daughter, and he seems willing to overlook the fact that the children of the Oricans Princes are destined to sit upon thrones.

Princes Letitia, who is now about twenty years old, left France when she was little more than a baby, but she speaks French without an accent. A gay girlhood was impossible with a mother so austere as the Princess Clotilde, but although Letitia possesses the good qualities of her mother's family her disposition is more in sympathy with the gay life of her father. In appearance, too, she is a Bonaparte, and has nothing of the planness of feature which characterizes the princes of Savoy.

The Empress Eugenie, who has just

arrived in Italy, approves of the marriage, and has promised Letitia a large dot' and all her jewels. More than this, it s she who will undertake the removal of estacles thrown in the way by King Humbert. This will require great persuasive power, for the king of Italy was never very well disposed towards his brother in law Jerome, and is more than hostile to Monte Carlo, from the profits of whose gambling tables Roland has derived his wealth. Roland's little daughter, who is one of the richest heiresses in Europe, receives \$3,000.000 a year as her portion of the spoils. aside from principle, opposes Mon-aco (Monte Carlo) because it drains the wealth of Italy, and he has done everything in his power to suppress the gambling-houses. Should the empress succeed in her negotiations Roland Bonaparte will be the nephew of the kings of Italy and Portugal and consins Orleans and Hapsbourgs. It is said that Victor will not fail to witness his sister's

arriage, and it may be that this event ill lead to the reconciliation of father and son. As Princess Mathilde has said many times, "Victor only needs a few more years or a little coaxing to bring him to his senses." Bringing "him to his senses." in the mind of his aunt, means submission to his father and devotion to the Bonapartes, i. e., devotion to Jerome.

The Bonapartes are not parvenus as many of us in childhood were led to be-Their lineage can be traced to the latter half of the ninth century. Te dix des Cadolinge, count of Pistoja, the first ancestor of whom anything is known was father of Cunerad, second count of Pistoja, whose family name was Buonaparte. He was born in 923 and for several hundred years his deseendants lived in Tuscany. family became almost extinct the last member went to live in Corsica, perhaps at Ajaccio, where the Bonaparte was born. The Bonapartes have several titles, among them Prince di Canino, Prince di Musignano, Prince Bonaparte du Saint Siege, etc.

From J. H. Hines, Tottys Bend Team One of our lady enstoners has been af-flieted for some time with lung disease, in fact was given up by her physician as in-curable, three bottles of Dr. J. H. Me Lean's Tar Wine Lung Balm have effected a complete cure which is looked upon here as miraculous.

There are in the state of New York 43 Baptist associations, 161 chinenes, 786 organized ministers, 117,349 members, 786 Sunday schools 1,785 teachers, 10,661 scholars; contri-butions fast year, \$1,374,610; value of chile contributions fast year, \$1,374,610; value of chile property, \$9,115,561.